

I am rather
ashamed of my
old fearsome: it
is sunshine for
snow - wintry
wantonly.

Riverside

5 Mar 79

My dear friend

I ought to have
written to you before now, but
you know, or partly know,
how I am pressed just now.
The printer is on my ~~bad~~ heels,
and treading down my old
shoes. Still I now and then
run forward or keep him
back, and so have a little
time for my friends. If I do
anything but my book, it
must be in a hurry, or at
all events at speed; as I wrote
the following song the morning
before

yesterday literally while I was
putting on my cloaths: it was
a lovely, lively Spring morning
— our first almost, and it re-
minded me how soon we shall
an abundance of flowers. Par-
don me if I think it worth co-
pying out.

Roses

Winter's fled on icy wing

Rattling, crackling as he goes!
Enter lovely green-clad Spring

With all flowers — and the Rose.
The Rose, the Rose, of all the queen,
Of all hues, but blue and green.

Who ever saw a Rose of blue?

If you have — unhappy you!

Who ere saw a Rose of green?

I want no more than I have seen.

I grateful thank kind heaven ^{thous.} for

The Rose. the rose, the ~~red~~ red Rose.

I have heard of Roses yellow:
Marshal Niel is only callow;
And we know the Austrian briar
Is a bastard and a liar.

To me the loveliest flower that blows
Is our English red, red Rose.

Roses white I could name twenty-
Maiden blushes more than plenty:
White, we know, is not a colour:
What than merely white is duller?
I'll give you every one of those
For an English red, red Rose!

I want a Rose so big to bury
All my face in, round & merry;
Leaving dew-drops on my cheeks,
I've not felt for weeks and weeks.
Come, and smother my old nose,
Lovely red sweet English Rose!

 Pardon, pardon this
piece of young-old egotism. Roses
are coming: I watch the buds in
my Daughter's garden.

 I hope you are well &c.

Doing well.

It is a hard task for a man more than 90 to edit, or re-edit, a work in 3 vols, 4^{to}. This morning, by chance I have no proofs from my Printer

My health is good and my spirits not bad, as you see by my Song. It is a pity that Roses are Arabian - I believe; but I am an insignificant old fellow: it may not be so. I cannot say with Burton "In winter I no more desire a Rose" & I do desire them Winter & Summer.

Here is the Post with Proofs! - No: only some proofs that other people are as merry at 19 as I am, thank God! at 90.

Good bye and all success attend you.

J. Payne Collier